



EX-VATING



MAC LAWSON
HerSelf

Carroll
Luttrell

Price 25 cents

Sex-Mating.



BY
MAE LAWSON
(HERSELF)

Findlay, Ohio
THE RAVEN PRESS
1908

Copyright
1907
by
MAE LAWSON

Copyright, 1907,
by
MAE LAWSON.

Sex-Mating.

OF all evils which militate against the welfare and development of society, it is probable that the conventional interference with normal sex-selection is the greatest. It causes children to be born of disappointment and hate, and deprives parties to the relation of that benign influence which would otherwise be received, from associating with a normal mate. So rarely does sex-mating occur in civilized society, that normal sex-propensities are vastly repressed, and certainly not understood. We know that so-called lower animals choose their mates with unerring instinct. Can we say so much for civilized man? In this one thing man is the colossal dupe of the universe. Let's shoulder the spade of common sense and dig for the cause; might we not find the tap-root of it under the plant called "false modesty"? There it is! Fathers and Mothers will talk to their children on every known subject except the one most vital; viz., their sex-natures. As soon as an innocent little child, of either

sex, shows any curiosity concerning its sex-self, the parent at once points the critical finger of reproach, and hushes the enquirer with a severe reprimand; something like this — “Hush-s-sh! you must never ask about *such things* — it’s very naughty! God don’t love children who talk *that way*.” Now what effect does this oft-repeated hushing have on the tender impression-plate of the tiny one? Only this, of course, that is, that the sex-nature is something to be *ashamed of*, something to be *smothered*, something to be *covered up*, something that surely *must* be *disgraceful*: else Papa and Mama would not say so. Nice, intelligent way to instruct the tender minds of offspring; it proves such a spirit of gratitude towards the Creator, to “slur” and continue to insult Him for making humanity “fearfully and wonderfully.” I should think you would hide your faces in very shame, you ought to, and meditate on the two wonderful lines wise old Walt Whitman wrote — “If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred, as delicate around the bowels as around the head and heart. . . .”

O Consistency, thy name is not conven-

tional parents. No part of the body can be contemptible. But debauched mankind, by abuses of certain parts of the body, have come to look upon them with shame and false decency. Great Jehovah, folks, how do you ever expect to grow spiritually, until you free yourselves from the slavish bondage to conventional notions of decency and indecency? What are these human bodies? Each part is a sacred symbol of nature. The human body is the *Temple of GOD!* You will remember the first aphorism of the secret and divine sciences teaches, "*As ABOVE, so BELOW.*" Our bodies then must be, in reality, a *miniature world*, containing in it all the germs of force and energies working in the universe. We cannot despise one or any part of the body, but take it as a *holy symbol*, capable of teaching us divine and natural truths. Is it not a sad insinuation on the development of our perceptiv, as well as receptiv faculties? Is it not a trifle humiliating to think how few are able to recognize the sacredness and Holy Purposes, for which these human bodies, and all parts of them, were meant?

One's sex - nature forms the groundwork

for one's *salvation*, as well as *downfall*. It rests with the persons concerned, whether to make it sublime and ennobling, or to make it low and Hellish, by vile passions. Woman is by constitution emotional in her nature, emotion is the connecting link between physicality and spirituality. Rightly guided, emotion leads to the highest phase of Spirituality, else it becomes frenzy or disorder of the nervous system. It is the solemn duty of every husband to guide, control, and utilize the emotions of his chosen mate, to the spiritual advancement of both. This is, in very truth, the prime object of marriage, or mating.

The individual soul, as it stands to-day in Earth life, is not completely itself as a rule; (except in rare cases of highly developed souls coming to Earth to lead less developed souls to *the path*) — it needs a complement to make it perfect — a whole soul; — and this is the fundamental principle upon which mankind unites. The two blend together, and make one harmonious whole-soul, welded and cemented as they are by Universal Love.

But here I go, talking of soul, when

I really meant to discuss sex. Well, is not one closely interwoven with the other? Very logical, isn't it, friends, this stupid defamation of one part of these bodies as impure, and the exaltation of another part, which always acts with it, as Pure? Such logic always fills me with sublime disgust. We shall never get things right, until we start right. The cold-blooded truth is, our present ideas and ideals about sex-love are ignorant, narrow, stupid, and most decidedly selfish; and, I should like to add, barbarous to the last degree. May the Omniscient Good speed the day when we shall have schools and universities where men and women may go to study earnestly, side by side, the most wonderful science yet evolved, viz.: the science of sex-mating. When some brave soul has stepped to the front, devoid of every barnacle of fear, he or she will "stick the pin" for such a needed institution. Who will be the one to lead out? Hands up, please! O, dearies, won't it be a glorious time when we can thoroughly understand our Divine Selves? and sex is ideal, deny it, you who dare. When we learn that all of our faculties can

be used to express the most perfect type of spiritual or *soul-love* just as purely as the hands or heart, with no lascivious thought of procreation, then maybe we are almost out of the shell. Won't it be fine when we have ceased to be ashamed and mortified because of our origin and birth-place and the means our parents took to beget us?

When we are brave enough to admit that the divine plan of procreation is, after all, not the foulest and most debasing thing in existence, and when we dare to consider sex fearlessly, without blushing, then, it maybe, we are near the pinnacle of purity, where we can see God face to face, and from the very tip-top summit we will shout the glad tidings of Freedom for Souls without fear of the Church or State putting any gag on our speech. I've been a long time wondering if it is possible to love purely, or possess perfectly pure bodies, till we understand how to express love through every part of the body, and with every function and faculty of the body, mental, physical and spiritual; and with no more thought of sin than would a care-

ful and conscientious gardener have in producing a rare flower or an honest farmer have while sowing seed. Then, and never until then, need we expect to find a very high-and-mighty standard of morals?

Fathers, teach your growing-up sons to look, without any false shame, upon a beautiful, innocent, Divine female form, dressed or nude, with thought as pure and holy as they might glance up at the beautiful stars in the flower-garden of the Almighty One. Teach them that woman's being is interwoven a trifle closer than man's with the strange mysteries of birth, life and death. Tell them to always vibrate thoughts so pure for all womankind, that if the "lid" to their think-tanks should happen to be left open they'd have no need to hide their faces in very shame. Tell your boys, both big and small, that she, whose heart-beats have forced her own blood through the veins of an Immortal Offspring, knows something which he, as man, cannot know. Talk to them about the marriage relation, tell them the only true union there is, or ever was, is the union of two souls—two half-souls melted and moulded

into one—and nothing but pure and unadulterated love will ever weld the divine link so tightly that no jerk or jar can pull it apart. Yes, tell them, these two souls must have an affinity for each other, an affinity so strong and sure—well, it's a feeling that begins at the crown of the head and creeps gradually down to the soles of the feet, with no stopping place. Tell them that marriage is so solemnly sacred that themselves and Infinite Good have imminent partnership therein. Tell them that love isn't bought or sold with a maudlin kiss or a flippant caress or venal wealth, but must be free, pure and as beautiful as the charming and variegated tint on a tiny hummingbird's wing; and tell them, in order to have it entirely durable and absolutely lasting, and altogether interesting as well, that both should be able to present some new phase of character each and every day of their married life. You might tell them, too, that the wonderful thing called "love" don't come at command, neither will it depart at the danger-end of a shot-gun. It must be its own excuse for being, the same as life. It must never be bound or

clutched, but must be a *rare gift*, from—
HERSELF to HIMSELF. Tell them that
neither State nor Church has any mortgage
on it at any time.

Let's see, I said: "tell all the foregoing
to the boys," didn't I? Well, I meant the
dear woman-girls also; and while the young
folks are together we might as well tell
them that sexual excesses and other cruel
abuses of the marriage relations are under
nature's ban; that love being free, it is
woman's Heaven-born right to bestow it
when, where and how she chooses. That
she being fully redeemed, should always
regulate the sex relations and never permit
the entrance of "thieves" to break in the
"sacred temple" not made with hands."
That grand Hero-Soul, Tolstoi, said of the
commandment, "Thou shalt not commit
adultery," that it applied not only to "Thy
neighbor's wife," but particularly to—Thy
own wife. Careful, now, we are almost
face to face with God! Tell them the only
emancipation from bondage of superstition,
conventionalities, habits, customs and
man made laws, etc., lies in trying to absorb
sufficient wisdom to overthrow the pres-

ent degenerate condition of the marriage laws. And the only way whereby they may bring about a state of harmony is in understanding the *divine law of being*. It was written over the Delphic Temple, in letters of gold, "Man, know thyself." I have a little motto hanging over my writing table, which reads: "Know thyself, control thyself, be thyself, and rejoice." Now, when we can say to the above, "It has come to pass," then we shall begin to know what is meant by *Divine Consciousness*.

I'd like to hint to the young folks to excuse themselves from "Mrs. Grundy" and a lot of other over-respectable, and over-busy, folks, for a little spell, and sort o' talk things over like, and find out for a "dead surety" if *he* is *Mr. Right* and *she* is *Mrs. Right*; it may save a good deal of disruption later on. Tell them not to try to love each other for what the world *says* or *thinks* they are, but to love for what they really *are*—yes, faults and all. Why, certainly, you'll both be angels *sometime*, but what's the use to hurry to pin on that pair of pretty "white wings"? You

wouldn't be able to appreciate each other's *virtues* if there were not some *faults* to make you know where the dividing line is.

I want to whisper softly to the young men this: Don't just woo the *forms* of your dear divine sweethearts; but try to "make love" to their *minds* and *souls* as well. How could you expect to be happy if you have been so foolish as to court the flesh only? I don't believe such baseness deserves happiness, do you? I want to remind them to generate high ideals (the higher the better) in their hearts and crown them with the word *Patience*; and, as a bit of trimming, put on a pair of *bears*—*Bear* and *Forbear* are their names. I've suggested that, to have any kind of harmony in the family, one must have an unlimited supply of the stuff called *patience*, and then comes a crying need for forbearance, as well as a lot of toleration, for each other's feelings, foibles, faults, follies, *etc.* Nobody likes to be cared with a poniard-like tongue. Of course, if you have arrived at Perfection Corners, why, you have a perfect right to demand perfection, but "let them cast the first stone." Pos-

sibly the young folks know, and mayhap they do not, that there's *got* to be a well-tuned note of sex-magnetism else love lays him down to die. Sex-affinity is surely an *absolute necessity*, yet it is not *all* that goes to make marriage one "long, sweet song." There must be something besides just fine animals, there must be *soul-affinity*, then, say I, things will *have* to run pretty smoothly. Of course there's bound to be *some* differences of opinions, and it stands to reason there will be more or less (usually *more*) "rag-chewing," but if both have an immortal faith in each other's honesty and integrity, and don't forever imagine themselves chairman of some vigilance or grievance committee, and cease eternally "nagging" each other (you know folks have been slain by pin-pricks) and get very busy trying to radiate some irridescent sunshine along the rugged pathway of sometimes-married life, and if both are normal, and well balanced mentally, physically, and spiritually, it's my candid opinion, given unstingily, they'll just fairly worship each other, because they can't help it!

It would be well not to forget to remember this: Always be willing to share each other's sorrows as well as gladness (you can't cross the turbulent stream of matrimony without getting your feet wet with tears). And have a handful of cheerful willingness to help lift the burdens that will surely come to be carried, and always have a cask of ready-made forgiveness on tap for you are sure to need it (don't you 'spose I know?) and the best receipt for forgiveness is forget to remember anything of an unpleasant nature. Go on a still-hunt for a ray of joy (even if you do have to use a magnifying-glass to find it) and be happy now, don't wait for tomorrow, or next week, but be the "thing" now. Don't get too "big feeling" to consider each other's short-comings as well as long-goings. Then it's absolutely necessary to get real well acquainted with each other, before they examine the engagement ring. I'd advise them to "talk right out in meetin'" before they call on the "squire." What's the use of calling nursing-bottles "night-lamps"? And *last*, but *not* least, I want to tell them, for Heaven's sake, to

smash the microscope and picax, that are usually found in all well-regulated (?) families, and used to hunt the "mote" in "the other fellow's eye." If they have a mania for "hunting" they might find it a pleasant pastime to hunt at "closer range."

I do honestly believe, if this prescription is taken regularly, and in full doses, there'll be no going to the divorce mills with any domestic grist, and you can then write it—wed-lock instead of—deadlock.

The fire flickers, and burns lower and lower; and I pause to listen to a sweet Heavenly hymn. Hark, can you catch the melody? Isn't it beautiful? Hush-sh-sh! so we can hear the words distinctly. Ah! here it is:

"Passion met Purity wandering lonely, Purity shrank from his coarseness of touch. Passion cried: 'I will live for thee only.' Purity sobbed: 'And I need you so much.'"

Now, as the "young folks" are married, let us lift up our hearts in a wish that they may live happily before and "ever afterwards." And may they realize the "eternal fitness" of true sex-mating.

To - Theodora Deba

With the love of
The Author

Glad Lawson
Herself #

May 30th 1908

